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THE

# COURTESAN.

[Price Half a Crown.]

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# COURTESAN.

## BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

# MERETRICIAD.

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*Hoc quoque composui,* PELIGNIS *natus aquosis,*
*Ille ego nequitiæ* NASO *Poëta meæ.*
*Hoc quoque jussit Amor.---procul hinc---procul est severæ:*
*Non estis teneris apta theatra modis.*
*Me legat in sponsi facie non frigida virgo:*
*Et rudis ignoto tactus amore puer.*

OVID.

*I am the Man, (the* NASO *of my time,)*
*Born on the* HUMBER,*---fam'd for luscious rime:*
*I writ the first,---Love bids me write again.*
*Away---ye cold, ye rigid, ye profane:*
*Begone---lest I offend with genial joys:*
*Come melting Maids and read,---Come longing Boys.*

---

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# THE COURTESAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

# MERETRICIAD.

15 OCT 50

THE

# COURTESAN.

HAVE you not ſeen, upon a market day,
A butcher's ſhop, the meat in bright array?
Have you not ſeen amidſt the tempting treat,
The butcher's daughter, tidy, fair, and neat?
Her beefy cheeks, her ſkin of mutton fat,
Have they not made your heart go pit-a-pat?
Have you not wiſh'd yourſelf a fly, to ſkip
From leg to loin, and riot on her lip?
For ſuch a Muse who wou'd not riſk his life,
When eyes ſtab deeper than the father's knife?

Hail! Lydy Lamb, who makes her daily food
Of that, which paſſion rears to ſhed her blood.

O! happy woman who with joy can feed,
Can kiſs with rapture that which makes her bleed:
The lamb, the maid, from diff'rent cauſes feel,
From diff'rent feelings lick the butcher's ſteel.

Such be my MUSE in ſpite of pedant fools,
Who walk, eat, drink, and ſleep by college rules:
PINDUS I paſs---call miſtreſs Clio---brim,
Thalia bilk---but knock at Jenny's whim:
I'm for no airy, viſionary ſlut,
With whom ſo many wits have play'd at put;
Give me an Engliſh muſe, ſhe'll make me ſpeak,
Beyond a jilt---in ballads prais'd in Greek:
This is my whim---I'm fond of all things new,
I go to Goadby's---not Apollo's ſtew:
In all I'm odd---I'm mark'd where'er I paſs,
Pegaſus threw me---ſo I ride an aſs:
Have I your pity? when you cry---poor fool!
He neither lives, nor writes, nor rides by rule.

Hence with your rules---I'll have them not---begone,
They're muſty ſaws, fit for a parſon's tongue.
Why ſhould I mention Mother Method's ſchool,
When all my pupils err, but not by rule:
There is not one but hath been tripping caught,
And not one guilty found of one good thought:
Then ceaſe this mighty ſtir, thou mighty fool,
Muſe, theme, and words, are aliens born to rule.

Thouſands

Thouſands there are upon this whiſking ball,
Who ſin by rule, who never pray at all:
Many at meals are punctual---ſome at ſtool,
All cheat by chance, and all get rich by rule:
By rules kings rule, by rules queens learn to ſmile,
By rule Scots fawn, by fawning rule the iſle:
Stateſmen deceive by rule, and gamblers play,
Harlots by rule delight, and biſhops pray:
In all but good we act by drowſy rule,
The whore, the prieſt, the miniſter, the fool.
The muſe her ſtings to ſons of folly ſends,
By rule ſhe cenſures not---nor yet commends;
To prudes of ſilken vice ſhe dares to ſpeak,
Not draw a tear down VIRTUE's hallow'd cheek.
Curſt be the lines if ſmooth ſoe'er they run, how
That ſtab unjuſtly, or detract for fun,
That ſhun a ſtateſman when the ſtar ſhould feel---
The poet's pen, beyond a FELTON's ſteel:
And doubly curſt thoſe rimes, tho' fair they ſcan,
That wound the boſom of a patriot man.
Or ſwerve from truth and call a S*--- brave, Sackville
Or force a lie and call my WILKES a ſlave.
My Wilkes is fled, and muſt my Ch* too Chudleigh
Fly, and weep out her widowhood with you:
O! muſt we loſe the muſic of her tongue,
For kings have liſten'd when a Ch* ſung:
Muſt ſhe withdraw who made ſo great a ſtir,
And leave her kitchen to a Milliner:

Forbid

Forbid it Venus, pray relent my lord,
Have pity, do not ſend the maid abroad!
O! what a conqueſt will that father make,
Who makes a convert of ſo old a rake:
We've things more ſtrange recorded ſtill in paint,
Ch* may make a mighty jolly ſaint:
Better than Agnes † ſhe may ſurely prove,
Not in the feats of arms, but feats of love:
But can he bear to let you croſs the ſeas,
A miſtreſs bleſs'd with ſo much corp'ral eaſe?
My lord remember in the youth of life,
When burnt in wood and for a banker's wife:
Thou wert the man made mighty Orleans frown,
And vied in ſplendor with the Gallic crown:
Ne'er mind the world, by ſcandal be it ſaid,
It is no crime my lord to keep a maid:
Be it a crime---'twill not diſturb her bliſs,
The very worſt is gallant P*t's miſs;
A Miſs the wonder of a courteous age,
A Miſs the pleaſure of the dull, and ſage,
A Miſs who'll toy an hundred ſummer days,
And with her earnings make an evening's blaze.
A Miſs ſo bleſs'd in the more noble parts,
A Miſs ſo juſt a judge of Engliſh hearts,
A Miſs ſo ſkill'd in politics, and plots,
To make a *union* of the Whigs and *Scots*:

Madame la Touche

Pierpoint
D of Kingston

† Pucelle D'Orleans.

A Miſs

A Miſs ſo truly chaſte, ſo truly juſt,
To hold a veſtal's place of ſacred truſt:
A Miſs, to end her qualities, and life,
A Miſs, a maid, a widow, and a wife.
Hail! Miſs, hail! maid, who firſt inſpir'd my lays,
Can I forget thee in this ebb of praiſe?
Can I---oh! can I aſk?---*ceaſe babbling muſe,*
*Wilt thou ne'er quit this ſcandal, this abuſe?*
Never.---*Thou ſhalt.* By Love's plump bum I ſwear,
His mother's bubbies, and the grace's hair,
I never will.---*Suppoſe with all her ſtate,*
*Beyond e'en that of rich Corinthian date,*
*When wanton Lais ſo luxurious thought,*
*Or that which Thais Alexander taught,*
*When high Perſepolis by that fair punk*
*Was burnt, and godlike Alexander drunk,*
*Reel'd with his torch where the fair Gypſy led,*
*And by the royal light retir'd to bed:*
*If in a ſtate, ſuperior to all this,*
*She ſhould invite thee to her throne of bliſs,*
*Woud'ſt thou refuſe?*---No. I would make my peace
With her, on ſome rich couch of downy eaſe:
Appoint the congreſs, nor believe me vain,
When manhood ſwears, the MAID ſhall not complain.
If you reject the challenge, mark behind
The power of time, the muſe how very kind.

Of all the females nature ever made
For pleaſure, bus'neſs, gay'ty, or parade,
None can at once thoſe four great paſſions prove,
But thou! great miſtreſs of *the art of love*,
Whether the lean, lank ſoldier, or the cit,
The ſturdy parſon, or the drunken wit,
The frothy player, or the chalkſtone ſage,
The college ſtripling, more laſcivious age,
The ſcurvy noble, or the tawny tar,
All, one and all enjoy thy ſoft guittar,
All feaſt with appetite, confeſs with glee,
Nothing can move in tune but KENNEDEE.
By moſt I'm thought a dabler in the trade,
And from experience, this obſervance made;
It is a Coffee-houſe, the entrance ſmall,
Once fairly in, there's room enough for all:
Or like the Helleſpont, on whoſe high ſtrand,
The love ſam'd Seſtos, and Abydus ſtand;
The deepeſt ſtream pent with the ſtraiteſt lea,
For all within's Propontis, and the ſea:
Nay could you croſs this ſea, you'd find again,
Another Boſp'rus, and another main.

The clock ſtruck ſix---when ev'ry tea-cup turn'd,
With love and with hot water Kitty burn'd;
Each would at times upon the ſurface play,
Yet both conſpir'd to melt the maid away.

So

So have I ſeen acroſs the rolling tide,
A youth attempt to reach the adverſe ſide;
In vain he ſtrove, with art and ſtrength to gain,
And thus deluded roll'd into the main.
Such is the girl, love neſtling in her eye,
In vain ſhe ſtrives, it gives her tongue the lye;
Melting like dripping at the Bedford fire,
She ſeeks the Park, to quench the fierce deſire:
Chooſes the ſhadieſt part, grows ſick of light,
And every moment ſeems an age to night:
By paſſions torn, by prudence check'd ſhe roves,
Now firm to yield, and now ſhe flies the groves:
Reſolv'd to ſpeak ſhe ſtops, ſhame warms her cheek,
She won't, ſhe will, ſhe can, ſhe cannot ſpeak:
Amidſt theſe conflicts M* appears,
The ſmootheſt, faireſt, vileſt of his years;
With ſugar'd ſpeeches moves the doubtful part,
And Kitty conquer'd, ſighs beneath the ſmart:
Paſſions, and ſnow balls each by motion ſwell,
And Kitty finds her little heart rebel;
Full of deſires ſhe ſighs for this, and that,
Her heart for ev'ry man goes pit-a-pat;
Thus by degrees ſhe ſteps upon the Town,
And what's ſo common pray, as Kitty Brown?

Laugh, I muſt laugh to hear ſuch fumblers ſwear
That thou'rt a maid---and on the town one year.

Hail

Hail wanton Amazon! well done's thy part,
When none could find the conduit to thy heart:
Laugh!---I ſhall burſt my ſides, to think our GUARDS
Declar'd thee chaſte, ſo well thou play'dſt thy cards,
Although they charg'd thy fortlet foot and horſe,
You roſe next morning not one pin the worſe.
Thus wanton Amazon of keen delight,
By day you heal'd, what they had broke by night;
Not in Penelope's (thy name ſake's) way,
By night undoing what ſhe did by day;
Cleanly revers'd by you, dear am'rous Pen,
A ten years maidenhead to ten ſcore men.
Hail pretty Pen! thy ſize, thy colours prove,
Thou art deſcended from the queen of Love:
Who may we thank for ſuch a curious maid,
But thy long ſiſter?---whoſe long thriving trade,
Has made her long the wonder of this town,
Till thou a wond'rous wonder here was ſhown.
But HARRIOT, like all human things muſt fall,
In ſpite of brick and mortar, paint and ball:
Take heed you ſplit not on a ſiſter's rocks;
Joy to ſweet Stephens with her golden locks.

Luſt, the moſt ſocial paſſion of the ſoul,
Sweet to indulge, but ſtubborn to control,
A paſſion, which the god of nature gave
The free enjoyment of to king, to ſlave:

Which

Which the polite, through ſtrainers more refin'd,
Call gentle love, the joy of womankind.
Then love, or luſt, (for call it which ye pleaſe)
Leads to one end---the happy art to eaſe:
Softeſt amuſement which we all profeſs,
As conſtitution dictates, more, or leſs:
Unleſs it is the chaſte Platonic mind,
Which courts without emotion womankind;
If ſuch dull ſouls poſſeſs our duller youth,
It may be impotence, it can't be truth.
We've ſome of hotter, ſome of colder make,
And ſome whoſe drowſy paſſions never wake;
Some ripe at fifteen, ſome at twenty two,
Nay, ſome at twelve are ripe and rotten too.
That maid I moſt admire, whoſe keener loves
Stir'd by ſome youth, whom beſt her heart approves,
Longs to enjoy, or the deſires in time
Wear her fair beauties out, before their prime:
If diſappointment ſinks her brilliant eyes,
She pines in thought, ſmiles ſickly green, and dies.
In David's days, in that moſt pious time,
'Ere Prieſts pronounc'd polygamy a crime;
When Kings on many caſt the luſcious eye,
And kept that law---*encreaſe* and *multiply*;
There 'twas no ſin, there Nature they obey'd,
Great as a pleaſure, vulgar as a trade.
Her I deſpiſe, whoſe proſtituted mind
Is more to money, than her joy inclin'd;

Who like old Cheop's daughter works, to raiſe
A ſhameful pyramid to blaſt her days.
Our Lady V*—— amidſt her youthful heats,
Never perform'd ſuch mercenary feats;
The Ptolemaick ſyſtem wond'rous wide!
And the large Iſraelitiſh ſhe has try'd,
Try'd on a happy plan to pleaſe herſelf,
Without one venal thought of gaining pelf:
And in her very joys has done more good,
Than thoſe who boaſt an apathy of blood:
O could my pen ſuch frozen beldams move!
To Hell I'd ſweep them, where they'd find no love.

Parents there are, too many ſo we're told,
Whom age makes callous, and the thirſt of gold;
Who loſe their fire as they approach the tomb,
Who wonder, how their daughters in their bloom
On man can ruminate, can pine, can weep;
Becauſe their hearts retain ſo dead a ſleep:
If ye your children love——avoid theſe ſhelves,
Nor once forget——when young, ye lov'd yourſelves.

Weep for that pretty creature, barr'd, lock'd up,
Bread but to eat, and water but to ſup;
Denied the gen'ral air, the noon-tide walk,
Lo! how ſhe bites her nails——and pines on chalk,
For ſome ſoft aſſignation in the Park,
With ſome delightful meteor of a ſpark:

But

But Betty there unbars the parents plan,
And Scotland joins her to the happy man.---
Such rigid acts but prompt a ſtronger luſt,
For man with woman's ſomething more than duſt.
Great Cæſar conquer'd, when e'er Cæſar fought,
Yet Cæſar's arm ne'er kill'd like Cæſar's coat.
Such girls I love, ſuch parents I condemn,
All daughters muſt---I'll anſwer for all men.
Is it not moſt unnatural to move
What nature firſt implanted, genial love?
Say can the Leopard change his ſpots?---nor can
The Maid tear from her heart the dear lov'd man.---
From obſtacles like theſe our paſſions riſe,
And one raſh moment blaſts our future joys:
In this Miſs H*r play'd the Roman part, *Hunter*
The man poſſeſſing, who poſſeſs'd her heart.
Great is the ſoul which fears no vulgar awe,
But proves with pride that love's her firſt, great law.
" Not Cæſar's Empreſs would I deign to prove,
" No---make me Miſtreſs to the man I love."

Some men there are who ſeek a kind of name,
And think it great to wound a woman's fame:
Curs'd be that man, whoſe baſe degen'rate breaſt
Allures the maid to ruin, when poſſeſt
Leaves her on ſeas of grief, promiſcuous hurl'd,
The ſcorn of kindred, and a ſcornful world:

For

For C* wrongs, ſuch ſhould by Heav'n be curſt,
And of ſuch cowards M* the firſt.
Sweet injur'd innocence, whom ſavage man,
By various wiles has ſtudied to trepan;
Who dead to ev'ry tender virtue, boaſts
Your fall, once queen of all the neighb'ring toaſts.
But hear ye fair an abſolution giv'n,
An abſolution ſurely meant by Heav'n:
Love, the moſt gen'rous paſſion of the mind,
Softeſt aſylum innocence can find;
Love is not ſin, but where 'tis ſinful love,
But when a crime, firſt pardon'd too above.
It's not the woman---it's the man who ſwore
Honour to you, and made the crime the more:
Is there a ſin? (if women ſin at all)
So very light, ſo very trivial;
The firſt command God iſſu'd from the ſky,
Was to each pair---"encreaſe and multiply."
In pious days, amongſt the choſen ſeed,
The act of propagation was a meed:
Then why ſhould theſe more luſcious days decree
The female damn'd, and not the debauchee?
Is this our pious, great religion too,
O! ſhame upon't! ſo old, ſo bad, ſo new:
A neighbour's fame traduc'd o'er dregs of tea,
Is capital, is downright infamy.
Is this religion?---where's that parent's heart
Who damns his child?---yet never weighs the art,

The

The lures, the ways, the ſpecious means combin'd
To win her tender heart, her ſoul, her mind:
Is there no pity for the babe we bred,
"Nurs'd on our knees, and at our boſoms fed?"
Say, can we from ourſelves ſo ſoon depart,
"So ſoon forget the darling of our heart?"
Shall ſhe, becauſe her virgin honour's torn
By him ſhe lov'd---become the public ſcorn?
Shall ſhe for want to proſtitution bend,
And 'mongſt the brutes of lewdneſs ſearch a friend?
Shall ſhe find even pity in a bawd,
Or at a D*'s feet lay down her load?
Shall ſhe become a Magdalene, and find
A way to Heaven ſhut againſt her kind?
Or ſhall her virtue (for 'tis virtue ſure)
Make her for want of character, endure
The night's bleak air, the flinty ſtreet her bed,
Starving her babe, and dying, begging bread!
Or ſhall ſhe let it teaſe the wither'd breaſt;
Till ſinking in her wearied arms to reſt,
Death cloſes up the clinging baby's eyes,
And the poor mother burſts with grief---and dies?

Ye wedded dames, whom no allurements drew
To drink ſuch bitter draughts, who never knew
A baſe, vile man, have pity on your ſex,
Nor leave your ſiſters to become ſuch wrecks?

Hail wedded love! and hail thrice happy duty!
Who live to love, and living love to be.
Think not by such digressions, that I mean
To praise the prostitute, or save that quean,
Whose stinking actions, whose incestuous gust,
Whose lustful appetites, carnivorous lust,
Made her commit such endless blots of shame,
That even Rome proscrib'd a Julia's name:
Nor think I mean to stimulate the soul,
That like a beast, the man inflam'd should prowl
The streets, and secret dens, where whoredom squat
On her broad-tail, from mingl'd lusts grows fat.
No.---I shall mark the acts of those who swerve
From truth and honour, those men who deserve
From deeds of public shame to feel
The poet's pen, beyond th' assassin's steel.
Dark, bloody things like those I dare to tell,
Where a poor animal durst stab Miss Bell:
When money choak'd up justice, stop'd the breath
Of truth, and made her die a nat'ral death;
Such things we've seen—O may they all appear!
Not pass like this which putrified the air.

Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose adult'rate fame,
Makes thee distinguish'd 'mongst the sons of shame;
Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose creative brain,
Ne'er serv'd the poor, or brought the master gain;

Come

Come Jemmy Twitcher fmalleſt 'mongſt the fmall,
And firſt begin thy little hunter's ball:
Moſt pious peer, whoſe piety is ſhown,
By giving dances to the whores in town,
Rais'd for his virtues to a place of ſtate,
Tho' in the knack of ſining only great:
He 'mongſt his fiends a ſecond Satan ſtands,
And when he ſwears, his devils clap their hands.
This is the man who firſt impeach'd his friend,
And on his ruin rofe, yet could not lend
One cobweb virtue from his ſcurvy ſoul,
Which ſins by ſtudy, and without control:
This is that Jemmy Twitcher, whoſe pretence
Is pure religion, and ſtate innocence:
Yet 'midſt theſe royal virtues, he deſil'd
The mother, and ſeduc'd her only child:
O! gentle M——, repent e'er night,
Muſt Twitcher rule, and muſt not T*——— write?
Forbid it Heaven it ſhould e'er be ſaid,
He ſmiles at you, becauſe that Churchill's dead.

Homer and Sappho, tun'd their ditties long,
And Catley charm'd Tower-hill in ballad ſong,
Poor Homer's lays when living had no force,
And Sappho lov'd a fool, and died of courſe:
But lovely Catley—ſoar'd above the two,
Sold all her ballads, and her wigwam too;

Seiz'd

Seiz'd like a *Panym fierce*, a *red-cross knight*,
And for his money ſlept alone at night.
Weary of fumbling out, a fumbling year,
Spread out her wings for more ſubſtantial cheer;
Eager to taſte a long'd-for joy--turn'd rake,
*Tru'. B. Delaval.* And for a gimlet left the ſmall Sir B*--:
No Lord Lieutenant ever did ſuch good,
For Catley has refin'd the Iriſh blood:
She in their gloomy ſouls breath'd muſic too,
And ſoftly humaniz'd the ſalvage crew:
Such is our Catley, whoſe angelic ſhape,
Might fire an hermit to commit a rape:
Speaks like HORTENSIA--like a Syren ſings--
Moves like a Cherub upon ſilken wings;
No more of VENUS and her golden locks,
View but the two diveſted of their ſmocks;
Or 'rraign her with the three, which Paris view'd,
The very wiſe, the lovely, and the lewd,
And let this very knight the umpire be,
Tho' he ne'er lov'd her--yet he will agree,
That ſhe as much excells th' excelling ſlut,
As ſhe excell'd him at the game of put.
Hibernia ſends us many beauties, true,
Thoſe we return are matchleſs--tho' they're few:
This is the caſe--for joy ours croſs the main,
Yours ferry here for elegance and gain.

Great

Great is thy price---Lais could not aſk more,
When ſhe to Corinth came, to play the whore:
And old Demoſthenes refus'd the bait,
To buy repentance at ſo dear a rate:
The lewd old fellows of theſe lewder times,
In their old age keep adding to their crimes;
Although the gout has eat up ev'ry power,
Still they will hobble to the harlot's door:
Chuckle, and ſhake at all venereal feats,
Envying the very dogs about the ſtreets:
A cock a treading of his fav'rite hen,
Brings ſpittle from the mouths of our old men:
The wanton ſparrows on their walls and trees,
Will make them bite their lips, and knock their knees:
Nature's moſt common acts create a fire,
And ſtill denies that vigour they require;
Which makes theſe lewd old fools the common ſport
Of ev'ry Lais, in young Cupid's court:
Where moſt profuſely they are made to pay
For ſtirring paſſions, which they cannot lay:
'Tis fit they ſhould---why muſt a fine young tit,
Be touz'd about by each old froſty cit?
No labour Hercules could ever prove,
Like obligation, in the act of love:
What is ſo nauſeous, hateful, heavy, dull,
As beauty truckling to a cold, old cull?
From Old White-Chappel Bars to Bolton-Row,
Take but a ſtrole, aſk pertly as you go

The various ſtrumpets on their ſtands---or ſtop
With thoſe poor toads, whoſe rags won't make a mop,
And if the meaneſt 'mongſt the mean won't ſay,
They've dealt with F--z*, I'll be bound to pay
What all thoſe queſtions coſt; nay, I will treat
Too, with the ſmarteſt milliner you meet.
The col'nel ſure's the lewdeſt upright cull,
That ever ſtrol'd the ſtreets, or bilk'd a trull.

For things like F--z*, you ſhould be well paid,
Such old commodities do well in trade,
A woman of your elegance and fame,
Should keep a menage of ſuch rich old game,
Vigour and youth you'll find in every ſtew,
So make them pay for what they cannot do:
Theſe means will keep thee from all duns ſecure,
And make thee rich, when half thy trade are poor:
I need not whiſper how to act, or move,
Thou'rt quite a miſtreſs of the cheats of love:
For this is truth, and Venus hears me ſwear,
Fiſher's---the object of my heart and care.

If Fiſher's beauty ever fail'd to pleaſe,
Or Cooper's wit, with Nancy Garrick's eaſe,
How muſt the form excell where theſe combine:
Earthly ſhe is,---I wiſh her not divine.
Divine,---is mere imaginary bliſs,
Give me an earthly goddeſs that can kiſs?

Give me ſubſtantial joys, ſubſtantial food,
No airy goddeſs ſailing on a cloud:
Put me to no dull ſhifts unworthy man,
To woo a goddeſs in the form of ſwan:
Here I could wiſh the Pagan tale might hold,
To win ſome tinſel *hearts*—by ſhowers of gold:
But grant me Heaven—it's all I wiſh to have,
Woman, dear lovely woman to my grave;
Things known by halves, of a myſterious date,
The explanation be reſerv'd for fate.
O! could the muſe beſtow thee equal praiſe,
The muſe would make it equal to the blaze
Of thoſe fair houſes, which fair Nancy made,
By way of burn-fire to enliven trade:
May you enjoy each mighty mark of fame,
As bright—but ſtill more laſting than that flame;
May wit, and elegance encreaſe with time,
And your fair beauty never know its prime!
Yours to your ſex, be a ſuperior caſe,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace;
May Mamma Venus every pleaſure pour,
And make the fabric laſting as the door!
Stamp thee the matchleſs N—t—n of the fair,
As he was rare in learning, be thou rare.

Born in a clime where pity never ſtray'd
To ſpare the infant, or delight the maid:

Where

Where ſtony parents ſteal for ſing-ſong mirth,
Thoſe means, with which Deucalion peopl'd earth:
A clime which once the braveſt men might boaſt,
Some eunuchs rears, or ſodomites at moſt,
A clime diſtinguiſh'd for the wiſeſt ſchools,
Now only known to fiddlers, and to fools.
From ſuch a clime did our T--d--i come,
Once fam'd, once honour'd, with the name of ROME:
From thence he came, to tantalize our fair,
To ſtretch their conſcience with a dry affair.
O! what a conſcience muſt that woman have
To loll, to riot with that ſapleſs ſlave!
To dwell, to hope; to hope, to dwell one hour
For one poor drop, poor one not in his power:
Cruel duration, to emit no joy,
But ſtimulate without the power to cloy;
Cruel, thrice cruel, beyond all reply,
To pump the ſucker when the fountain's dry.

His ſong is nervous, nay, he takes a pride
To ſhow, what decency would wiſh to hide,
Runs warbling, dangling, round and round the town,
To brag how much he brought the matron down:
Shakes his looſe limbs like death at Hell's wide gate,
And grins a ghaſtly grin, a grin of hate.---
Is it excuſable one woman ſhou'd
Deſtroy her beauty, body, ſoul and blood,

Our

Out of the numbers which adorn this ſhore?
Or uſe this *thing* to ſhun the name of whore!
Art thou of Engliſh breed, and yet ſo dead
To real pleaſure, to defile thy bed
With a poor thing, whom cruelty has robb'd
Of means, with which all Engliſhmen are fob'd?
It muſt be ignorance; then be advis'd,
Chooſe, dainty dame, from men ſtout, ſtrong, well ſiz'd,
If one won't do, take two, and two, and two,
And multiply, 'till multiplying's true:
If the encreaſing number cannot pleaſe
Enough, to give thy fictious paſſions eaſe,
Call upon JOVE, as Sem'le did of yore,
And die a martyr in the godlike bore.

The ſhip paid off---the harlot takes her due,
The colours ſtruck, ſhe ſtrikes her colours too;
In riot rolls, while Jack's poor pockets ſtand,
The pocket empty---ſhakes her lilly hand;
Shifts every time the ſcene each ſhip comes in,
Serves all their turns, and drinks of all their gin:
The laſt poor Tar triumphant hugs the jilt,
Feeds on her charms, without one thought of guilt,
But time, which brings new ills upon his back,
Proves her a fire-ſhip to unlucky Jack.---
Diſcharg'd by ev'ry ſhip, by ev'ry Tar,
She goes to dock, like ſome foul ſhip of war:

Gets a clean bottom, ballaſts well with lies,
And gaily rigg'd, aſſures herſelf a prize;
Re-hoiſts her colours, ſhows her painted pride,
And lewdly rolls adown a luſtful tide:
To cruize ſhe goes with all her brav'ry on,
And drops an anchor in this mighty town.
London, tho' ſerv'd with all daintieſt cates,
Is caught like fiſh with artificial baits,
Hugs this new piece---alas! tho' ſev'n years ſince,
The fleet poſſeſs'd Peg Storry, and Peg Prince.

'Twas at that time when early lamps appear,
E're day is gone, declaring night is near:
When empty cits with full ſtuff'd bellies trot--
To ſpend at night, what in the day they got:
When Qual with freſh lit flambys bob about,
To plays, to bagnios, or to church devout.

'Twas at that time when D*--Rom:* repair,
And with their yells torment the darkling air:
'Twas at that time when letchers ſeek the Park,
Dreading the light becauſe their deeds are dark,
I went to Mortimer---poor girl!---ſo high,
I found her parlour neareſt to the ſky;
Oh! what a wretched falling off is here,
From her the brilliant, her the debonair:
She, whom a monarch might have wiſh'd to court,
Tho' living, dead; alive without ſupport:

On

On whom a levee once of lovers hung,
Sipping like bees the honey of her tongue.
Alas! here pinch'd with all the pains of need,
Caſt from the GARDEN like a noxious weed!
The crimſon cov'ring, and the downy bed,
Where oft' thy lovely limbs where lewdly ſpread,
Are chang'd to wretched ſtraw upon the floor;
The caſement broke, the room without a door;
Dead flies, dead ſpiders fill the wretched haunt,
Sad, ſorry emblems of the houſe of want.
No brilliant equipage, no tea-cups charm;
A tin-pot full, without a fire to warm:
A broken jordan, and a three leg'd chair,
A bottle ſhew'd a candle had burnt there;
The broken bellows like their miſtreſs kind,
By time and uſe had almoſt loſt their wind:
Thus ſat the fallen fair, with comely mien,
Amidſt her penury,---her raiment clean:
Shock'd at a viſit from a friend, ſhe tries
To hide the melting rhet'ric of her eyes
Which ſtole a-down her cheeks, ſtill ſmooth, ſtill fair,
And wip'd them with the treſſes of her hair;
(The firſt repenting ſign in Eve of grace,)
Which tho' diſorder'd deck'd her pretty face.---
SHE gaily bred, compleated to the joy
Of am'rous appetence, to play, to toy;
To ſing, to liſp, to troll the tongue, to dreſs,
And roll the eye of love, with ſure ſucceſs.

O lovely

O lovely Mortimer, ignobly loſt!
Once 'midſt the fairer fair, the faireſt toaſt.
O! woman, lovely woman, hard's thy fate,
If plain, thou liv'ſt a moſt neglected ſtate;
If fair, like frontier towns beſieg'd by all,
And like Quebec by force of arms muſt fall;
If ye capitulate, the virtuous form
Is gone;---reſiſt,---you're plunder'd in the ſtorm.
Baſe man, baſe wretch, to forfeit all thy fame,
To court the gen'rous maid to endleſs ſhame:
By oaths, wiles, lies deceive her eaſy truth,
And to the jaws of luſt conſign her youth.
Here I your ſex's perſecution blame,
Who rather glory in a ſiſter's ſhame,
Than pity; on a ſiſter frown diſtreſt,
Altho' one bore you, and you ſuck'd one breaſt:
Allow'd ſuſceptible,---unfeeling here,
A ſiſter ſtarve! without a ſiſter's tear.
That muckworm man, abandon'd half his life,
Sleeps in the arms of ſome chaſte, lovely wife:
What charity to man! when proverbs prove
The batter'd rake the beſt domeſtick dove.
But woman's reputation once defac'd,
Alas! can't be by penitence replac'd:
Curs'd be the maxim, doubly curs'd the heart
That turns, nor feels the injur'd woman's ſmart.
Are theſe good Chriſtians?---how muſt Heathens bluſh,
When daughters periſh by the parents cruſh:

O liſt!

O lift! repentance never comes too late,
Altho' the crime ſhould ſtink to Heav'n's high gate:
The contrite heart will ever be forgiv'n,
Since God is truth, ſince mercy lives in Heav'n.
And why not make as true, as good a wife,
As that good man who rak'd the youth of life?
Bluſh, and let Mortimer have pity then,
Women may ſure repent, as well as men.

From ſmall beginnings roſe almighty Rome,
From dirty corners lovely beauties bloom:
The nightman's baby, tho' its rear'd in durig,
Excells the child which from an Empreſs ſprung.
This R--t--d proves, in dirt, in beauty bred,
Got on a ſoot bag---Mamma had no bed.
Muſick, and beauty in the ſound of Bow,
Are all outdone by her---and ſweep ſoot O!

Signs which are well adapted draw the gueſt,
From which we oft' conceit the liquor beſt:
Reduc'd in caſh---ſtill mode allures the beau,
Who chalk'd at *Dolly*'s will to WILDMAN's go:
The kitchen fire at th' Bedford, ſpeaks the cook;
Under the Roſe for ſomething ſnug we look:
Wit at the Shakeſpear's head has ta'en a leaſe,
Where if you miſs the wit, you hit the piece.
The Caſtle Tavern, and the Bedford head,
Have all ſtrong tables---tho' they have no bed:

The Fountain too, with Humphreys on the ſign,
Yields you good meat, a couch, good girls, good wine:
Tho' Harris out pimps Hermes with the gods,
I'll bet they beat him, and I'll lay the odds:
I'll not bet this, its more than Hermes cou'd,
That this ſame Fountain's always pure, and good.
If you're a Tory, dance at Almack's ball,
If you've much money, White's will take it all:
The Cardigan and Cannon, if you've guſt,
Will clear your pockets, and indulge your luſt:
But what are theſe?---or all that I have ſeen,
To fierce Bohemia's Head on Turnham green:
Not as it ſtands in Maſter Gibſon's time,
But as it ſtood---and Johnſton in her prime:
Indulgent Johnſton own'd by all ſo fair,
That not a coach, a buggey, or a chair
Could paſs, but all muſt ſtop to give thee ptaiſe,
And horſes too would quit their corn to gaze:
Such was thy influence on the Weſtern road,
Thyſelf a goddeſs, worthy of a god:
Such matchleſs dignity appears in thee,
To worſhip cannot be idolatry:
Worſhip,---O! Venus would but that ſuffice,
I'd kneel, I'd pray, I'd gaze away my eyes:
Yet ſtill I fear---I ſhould poſſeſs this dread,
If Cupid bungl'd you wou'd break his head:
Break not his head! break Maſter Gibſon's mop,
His white wand too, which rul'd his bunters hop!



Alas!

Alas! that houſe of riot, ſhame, and eaſe,
Is metamorphos'd to a den of peace:
O! Maſter Gibſon pray forgive my pen?
Theſe are the blind blows of our blind old men.
Johnſton forgive the humour of my ſtile,
And if I come to Chiſwick deign to ſmile?

The ſhip when ſhatter'd in a ſtorm, repairs
To port, where all her crew unfixt from cares,
Forget the recent horrours of the deep,
And in oblivion let misfortunes ſleep:
Colebrook's not ſo—ſhe ſhows the ſtorms ſhe bore,
Wreck'd like a veſſel on a ruthleſs ſhore;
Mock'd by the waves, ſtrip'd of her gariſh gear,
The ſpoil of ev'ry *legal* buccaneer.
Oft' have I ſeen thee with thy ſails a-trip*,
The wiſh, the envy of the Adm'ral's ſhip;
Thy ſtreamers courted by the winds which blew
Their pride abroad, and long'd for by the crew;
Who ſigh'd to kiſs thee, like the bawdy air,
Which wanton grew, and rambl'd you know where.
O! Nancy, Nancy had'ſt thou kept the ſpoils,
The various victors brought thee from their toils,
To this thou had'ſt been rich, thou had'ſt been gay,
Follow'd at Vauxhall, courted at the play:

---

* Hoiſted.

Unthinking

Unthinking wench, now deſtitute of friends,
Tho' all the Navy paid thee dividends:
Had'ſt thou the gin in which they drank thy name,
Thou might'ſt have died in ſtate, and ſtunk with fame.
Unthinking wench.---Can'ſt thou remember, when
Captains, Lieutenants, Purſers, Midſhipmen,
Laid all their hearts, their warrants at thy feet,
And to indulge thy luſt forſook the Fleet?
Thy caſe was never like a cloſe kept whore,
Depriv'd of liberty to paſs the door;
For ev'ry wind took pity on thy charms,
And brought new culls, new plunder to thy arms:
But ſtill thy damn'd extravagance was ſuch,
C*l*-- could not beſtow---thou ſpend too much:
Alas! how chang'd the ſcene---how hard thy fate,
Once known ſo high,---in ſo reduc'd a ſtate:
On Women of the Town there ſeems a ſpell,
Now up,---now down;---like buckets in a well.

By being ſo artful it muſt ſure be her,
To live, to die, revive, and make a ſtir:
Portſmouth and Plymouth liv'd within her arms,
And long were rul'd by her o'er-ruling charms:
When gay adult'rate Jemmy G*--- roſe,
He gave new charms, by giving Miſs new cloaths:
Nothing is now ſo ſmart, ſo fair, ſo trim,
As the ſoft, peerleſs, pretty, chaſte, Miſs *---.

Granby

Granby, like Saul, who mighty thouſands ſlew,
Could ſtoop, could kiſs the buckle of her ſhoe.
I love that Hero, who when free from arms,
Can pitch his camp with ſuch a Queen of charms:
This ſtands a truth, and held as fair as light,
The man who loves not woman will not fight:
It glar'd at Minden, like the noon-day ſun,
When Granby ſtood, and fought, when S*---- run. Sackville
The gallant Cock, when pitted firſt to ſhew,
Stands in ſuſpence a-while, and eyes his foe;
But when he ſees the Hen he flies to blows,
Obtains the vict'ry---flaps his wings, and crows.
Hear me fair form, the favour grant to me,
I'll riſk a thouſand lives, to die with thee?
But if I fail in this ſubſtantial part,
My pen ſhall find the channel to thy heart.

Orlando dead!---and Cowper too in tears!
Orlando, my good Sir, you've kill'd ſome years:
No,---you miſtake, I rather help'd to ſave:
Himſelf he early buried in the grave:
Dead e'en when living---hardly known by name,
Till my good-nature brought him into fame:
But ſince he's truly dead, I'll give that due
To him---which Lucy he beſtow'd on you:
And may thoſe various ſums he gave, or lent,
Be multiplied by others cent. per cent.

I Forbid

Forbid it FORTUNE---charms and wit like thine,
Should want the needs of life, in life's decline;
The world now rather think you've sav'd, than spent,
That you'll erect an endless monument,
A monument of praise like her* of old
Who built a pyramid---by well earn'd gold:
Our great Republick overwhelm'd in debt,
Hopes her condition you will not forget;
But kindly give her that which Flora gave;
Like Rome she'll deify both name, and grave;
Command an endless epitaph to thee,
Written by Bishop W*---n, or me:
O me! alas poor me! the last of men,
Can you forget the service of my pen!
Will you forget?---*dare you presume it Sir!*
May *the Divinity within you stir*
That usual grace, that usual joy, and love,
I'll have my wishes then below, above.
Let these the grand preliminaries be
Of future friendship, between you, and me;
And let the world believe what I declare;
Those lines are false, are foul as tainted air,
Written in youthful spite and false abuse,
Because above the pocket of my muse:
All other codicils but this be rent,
This is my last just will and testament.

Warburton

* CHLOE's daughter.

To

To Lucy leaving all juſt praiſe---(ſad traſh,)
If ſhe dies firſt---ſhe gives me all her caſh;
A great return; it is I own for praiſe,
Surpriſing charity in ſuch poor days:
By age to babes it will be chuckling told,
She aſk'd for praiſe, and he receiv'd her gold.

Birch for the bum,---ye floggers here reſort,
Here Birch and Venus hold their ſwitching court;
All kinds of inſtruments, all kinds of ware,
To raiſe your paſſions, and encreaſe your care,
Here ye may have it from her own ſoft hand,
Birch how extenſive is thy birch command:
The martial truncheon which the hero bore,
Is made a rod; ABILITY's no more:
Thou hag old Impotence---tormenting bitch,
At Cytherean halberts thus to ſwitch
Our hardy vet'rans o'er the tawny bum,
And little Cupid too the flogging drum;
It's horrid cruel we ſhould live to ſee,
Our paſſions grow and loſe ability,
But ſuch is nature, man is not divine,
I wiſh 'twas chang'd, the caſe may once be mine.

Women, like poſt-boys on a turnpike run
In an eternal heat, from ſun, to ſun;
And nothing ſtops the paſſion of the ſex,
But broken winds, and often broken necks:

I never

I never knew œconomy in luſt,
The fire continues, untill *duſt to duſt*
Conſigns the breathleſs body to the grave,
And ends the follies, and the petty ſlave.
Would ye ye fair be cautious in your youth,
Hear all mankind, and hearing doubt their truth;
Save from thoſe rolling ſums a little gold;
Friends you might have, and even live when old;
See Talbot now,---who drank in pomp of ſin,
Thro' wretched want, a ſad, bad Magdalene.
Kindling new paſſions in her Nun's attire,
Till D--d and D--l--y are themſelves on fire.
Health to great D*--, Muſe, I charge commend
The orphan's, and the harlot's gen'rous friend:
He who can let the orphan want its bread,
And cloath, and feed the ſtrumpet for his bed;
He who could labour to ſtrike out a plan,
A godly plan, t'appear a godly man;
Who would imagine him ſo much a Monk,
To cheat the Nun---and canonize the punk.
Hail holy man!---ſo cunning, and ſo quaint,
In heav'n a ſinner---but on earth a ſaint.
But ſhould theſe poor unhappy girls be plac'd
At Church in public view,---to be diſgrac'd,
And pointed at below by demi-reps,
Whoſe ſly adulterate deeds, and ſinful ſteps,
Are ten-fold more! ſay is it decent? they
Should thus be 'rang'd, whilſt D*--'s eternal bray,

Is

Is hell, damnation, bombaſt, thunder, rant,
And ev'ry where below in pious cant,
Wonder they cannot bluſh, they do not feel,
*They muſt be harden'd like an heart of ſteel.*

No---you are wrong proprietors, and prieſt.
Let them be vail'd like Nuns---or elſe at leaſt
Secreted ſo, that no intruders may
Diſturb their worſhip, when they mean to pray!
Let no mean dame of quality repair---
Hot from her neſt---ſaunt'ring with uncomb'd hair,
To buy applauſe; but not decreaſe her ſin,
By giving card debts to the Magdalene:
Shame on ſuch actions in the houſe of God,
Forbid it D*---, and forbid it D---*.

Thou who now drag'ſt a peacock's tail along,
Too ſoon may court the crowd in diſmal ſong:
Too ſoon you may bear ſome poor babe about,
Starving for food---and hardly left one clout
To hide its naked limbs---puling aloud,
(By ſtripes ſo taught) to draw the buſy crowd:
Thy fate I dread---I've ever had ſome care,
Since the ſad falling of thy lovely hair;
A web ſo fine no ſpider ever ſpun,
But oh! alas thoſe ringlets all are gone!
Oft' have I ſtood behind thy eaſy chair,
And envy'd her who cómb'd thy lovely hair:

Oft' have I ſeen thee on a Bagnio bed,
And o'er thy breaſts thoſe lovely treſſes ſpread;
Oft' when ſubdued by Love---thy beauties bare,
I've tied thy floating ringlets---you know where,
With ſuch ſoft dalliance---I have ſprung to arms,
To fall again a victim to your charms.---
But why ſhould I torment thee with this ſtrain,
That hair is dropt---and ne'er may grow again:
The fatal cauſe I would not, dare not, gueſs,
It was not poiſon---and 'twas nothing leſs;
I will not ſay---I'm ſure you're full of care,
The omen's bad---the falling of the hair:
Be this a warning---time will ſpeed'ly ſhow,
Whether dear Cambrige---thy dear hair will grow.

Well ſwept good Mother, ſure thy ſweeping's juſt,
To ſweep together ſo much precious duſt.
Health to ſuch Sweepers,---when the ſweeping trade,
Makes trade a pleaſure, and ſweeps up a Maid,
Which all the dames of faſhion had not ſhown,
Tho' kiſt by all the Sweepers in the Town.
In ſuch ſoft ſweeping who won't take a pride,
When from one ev'ning's ſweeping---ſtarts Miſs B*---;
C*--; thou blackeſt ſweeper left alive,
But if in ſweeping gold a man don't thrive,
How will he thrive! for that has ſo much force,
Women, and Ortolans repair of courſe.

Bride

Beſides,

Beſides, it gives a man prodigious weight
To make conditions, and to mark the ſtate
Of life, the pretty melting Maid muſt tread,
With all the ſoft menouvres of the bed.
Such are the articles the mother ſign'd;
Knowing her child of a complying mind:
Our women Agents thus indentures draw,
And bind their Miſſes by the common law:
A ſnug, good method, ſure to keep them civil,
And yet the worſt to make them ſtudy evil:
A girl thus 'prentic'd muſt deteſt the ſlop,
She ſhows a ſpirit when ſhe leaves the ſhop:
A ſpirit worthy ſuch a ſoul as thine,
But more ſo if Dick W*-- ſhould deign to pine:
He was the man bore two before---away,
Thou art the girl by Venus form'd to ſtray:
Mankind muſt follow---when you take your leave,
We'll give up Paradiſe to follow Eve.

Like fools we travel, and by fools we are
Cheated, of that which we the leaſt can ſpare:
But what's ſtill worſe, theſe foreign fools purſue
Us to our very homes---and cheat us too:
What a ſtrange animal's an Engliſhman,
Form'd from the fools 'tween London and Japan;
And tho' the creature has a ſpice of all,
Yet ſtill he's cheated by the great and ſmall:

He goes abroad---they find his want of ſenſe,
So where he fails in wit---makes up in pence:
But ſtill he boaſts of lineage from the flood,
Tho' got by ruffians on a ſavage brood.
The foreign fop whoſe finances are low,
Upon his arts depends to make a ſhow;
Boaſts of his honour tho' without one jot,
On whom begotten, and by whom begot:
Like oil on water, ſtill his meanneſs flows,
And all his merit's in a ſuit of cloaths:
He roves about---forgetting where he ſprung,
And like a bird of paſſage drops his dung:
Can even be ſo very dirty too,
To cheat his very miſtreſs of her due:
Can give her cloaths---can grow prodigious vain,
Can go to law---to have 'em back again.
There are ſuch kind of commiſſaries now;
Who'd thought 'em born ſo high?---ſo very low;
Great, here an Engliſhman appears alone,
A wretch---to injure ſmiling, Sucky S*--

Sprung from the line of Iriſh Kings, behold
Sweet Kitty Conoly, of whom we're told
Such pretty am'rous tricks, that all muſt ſigh
Who hear, with Kitty Conoly to die:
A death ſo pleaſing Saints would wiſh to know,
Martyrs would chooſe with ſuch a fire to glow:

If

If in ſome manage the ſweet creature had
Been broke to friſk, to kick, to prance, to pad,
Nothing can move with ſo much grace, and eaſe,
Nothing like Kitty Connoly can pleaſe;
Her Lord declares ſhe jigs ſo very bonnily,
His rank he'd loſe before his Kitty Connoly.

Health to young Elliot--by her ſiſter's care
Bought, brought, and ſold at Covent-Garden Fair:
Few ſhops you'll find, ſtarch all the Fruit'rers round,
That have one cherry half ſo round and ſound:
Sound did I ſay?--But how will that, pray ſuit
With this wet ſeaſon? fatal to fine fruit:
Rotten or ſound--pray did you never buy
A golden pippin, lovely to the eye?
And when you'd enter'd once the tempting ſkin,
Found it quite rotten to the core within?
It's thus with women, and it's thus with fruit,
Hundreds I've known, the ſimile might ſuit:
Elliot, excelling foremoſt, in this place
Stands an exception to the gen'ral caſe.
What don't thy kindred owe to Murphy's wit,
One for the Stage he broke,--and in the bit
And martingal, he has thy pretty mouth;
Which with thy memory and lively youth,
Will make thee ſoon the darling of the Stage,
The wit, the wonder, genius of the age.

The ſtones which Pyrrha and Deucalion caſt,
Ne'er form'd a form, which hath thy form ſurpaſt,
Tho' the old Square-toe's ſtones repeopl'd earth,
Gave wit, gave elegance, gave beauty birth;
Yet all the graces in one form ne'er ſhone,
'Till you he form'd, and chriſten'd lovely S**e.
How muſt thy Sire lament, when yon was ta'en
From Bath, and like a flower in heavy rain
In one ſhort evening blaſted, and forgot;
O! manly, wretched Spoiler M**l!
Bath ſince her Bladud's time, ne'er felt a blow,
A blow like this, when all confeſs'd the woe:
Naſh with the power of divination burn'd,
And ſhow'd that Bladud's magic was return'd;
Took wings, and to his Empire bid adieu,
The corner ſtone he ſigh'd was mov'd with you.
Alas! ſuch charms, ſuch qualities to fall
To one, without one quality at all;
Studious to bring dear Woman to diſgrace,
In heart a Hebe, with Narciſſus' face,
That Girl I praiſe who chooſes, and is kind,
That man I curſe whom honour cannot bind:
Give me the Maid, who in her plan of life
Feels ſomething more in Miſtreſs, than in Wife;
Who ſcorns the dog-like ties the married wear,
True in her love, and yet as free as air,
Selects the Youth with whom ſhe'll paſs her life,
Conſtant by choice, not conſtant 'cauſe a Wife:

In ſome neat, flow'ry, rural, ſocial ſpot,
And to the broils of court, prefers her cot:
Serenely eats her independent bread,
And even virtuous too without being wed.
Such may he prove to S*, whoſe charms may raiſe,
The coldeſt ſtones to life, to pity, praiſe.

THIN,---rather thick I think about the head,
Batterſea's near, but we are ſo well bred,
Altho' we have the greateſt need of brains,
And cutting's cheap, we will not take that pains.
Some are as curious in their paying debts,
As Jemmy Twitcher is in making bets:
Give for an equipage a monſtrous ſum,
And the firſt night its tip'd by ſome old Bum
For ſoap, and candles; or perhaps, ſmall beer;
Such is the noble courſe our Gentry ſteer
To pay their Creditors. Others abuſe
Some honeſt man, by ſcreening in their houſe
A fine, mean Raſcal, truly baſe enough,
To never pay the tradeſman's bill for ſnuff.
So very high was fed old Rufo's noſe,
That without lodging, waſhing, meat, or cloaths,
Or even thoſe two needs, a miſs, or wife,
It would have laid him ſnug in jail for life.
But Rufo's honeſt, when we name the knave,
Who like a villain thus protects a ſlave.

O ye

O ye Ambaſſadors repent! repent,
Remember ye are choſen ſeed, and ſent
To be your Country's honour---nay, to bear
More virtues, than e'er prov'd your Country's ſhare;
How do ye marr that delegated truſt,
In acting oppoſite to all that's juſt!
To all that's even decent too beſide,
O! what a baſeneſs---when we make it pride.
Come Thin, come Thick--come daſh thro' thick and thin,
But pay Miſs R*rs---or I'll blow the ſin
To Churchill's ear, who, from the heavenly ſphere
Shall bow, (if injur'd woman drops one tear;)
And give thee ſuch a peal of nervous verſe,
Shall ſend thee ten years ſooner to thy hearſe:
Injure Miſs R*'s---and all Earth ſhall ſhake,
And pray what wou'd not for one Roger's ſake!
Rogers, the ſweeteſt Rogers that can move,
O! ſiſter Rogers---Rogers all for Love.

Rogers

When health and vigour ſwell'd my youthfull veins,
Luſt drew my carriage, Folly held the reins,
A thouſand times I wiſh'd the wench to meet,
Bleſt with a generous heart, and power to treat:
If I had had ſuch luck 'thad made me vain,
Vain of my perſon, and my parts; when gain
Flow'd in from deeds of heavenly pleaſure too,
My manhood had not bore a thing ſo new;

It wou'd have turn'd my head, t'have been in pay,
With the dear ſex I kneel to night, and day:
But Venus knew the folly of her ſon,
Intending always he ſhou'd be undone,
But not at once;---for had it been my fate,
Ye gods to've had a beauty of that date,
Like giddy Phaeton I'd broke my bones,
In driving ſuch a gen'rous Queen as Jones.

Bob Derry dead, to France Bob Baptiſt gone,
Poor Mother Baptiſt widowleſs, alone:
Strip'd of that little caſh which jellies brought,
Reduc'd at once to ſome bright happy thought,
To ſave the Covent-Garden rank ſhe bore,
As houſehold tenant,---with a gay firſt floor;
Which ever and anon to ſome gay girl
Was lett, where ſhe could entertain an Earl,
With thoſe provocatives the ſhop afford,
And then receive herſelf the azure hord.
That gay firſt floor has ever bore ſome Nell,
Since London Duſtmen told their trade by bell:
Here in the window they conſpicuous loll,
By way of ſign, to ſell their *tol de roll:*
The ſituation's fair for retail gain,
Commanding Ruſſel-ſtreet, and Drury-Lane;
To this good ſhop the Miſs in ſearch of prey,
Sinks in her tawdry robes at cloſe of day,

Wantonly ogles till ſome Jacky Spruce *,
Is cull'd, to treat the bauble to the Houſe:
Where ſhe with all the conſequence of face,
In the Green Boxes takes the foremoſt place;
Diſplays her charms, and all her little airs,
Till every Booby licks his lips, and ſtares:
Flaunts up and down, and bangs the doors about,
As tho' the audience came to Madam's rout:
The youth, perhaps ſome 'prentic'd city bug,
In a dark corner ſits prodigious ſnug:
For fear his Maſter in the Pit ſhould ſee,
The hopefull Boy in ſuch bad company:
Once out the House he bullies all he meets,
And ſtruts the *Agameminon* of the ſtreets;
Bears her triumphant to the *prickly Roſe*,
And gives a ſupper as the ſpirit flows:
Not trying whether his lean purſe will bear
The ſcale, againſt the mighty bill of fare:
His paſſions bluſh the more the wine goes round,
And the briſk Tabor's quick enliv'ning ſound,
Makes all the youthfull vitals leap for joy,
*And yes, your honour, yes*, diſtracts the boy;
He in the ſtreet chucks ſilver for a ſhout,
Then *nobly* kicks the blind Muſician out:
The bill brought up, deficient's found the purſe,
He aſks poor Miſs---*poor Miſs beſtows a curſe:*

---

* *N. B.* Spruce in a Cap.

Flies

Flies rantum ſcantum---burns his new bag wig,
Breaks all that's breakable---and leaves the Twig.---
Seiz'd by the Waiters who won't take his word;
The watch is left---the ſilver hilted ſword,
Which always ſlept till this ſad Tavern war,
Safe at his Barber's this ſide Temple Bar:
The roaring blade, continues roaring on,
Abuſes ſome, ſome ſtrikes and gets knock'd down;
Snores in a Round-houſe for his drunken ſport,
And the next morning weeps at Fielding's Court:
Where as a bail old Square Toes ſoon appears,
Says handſome things, and pleads his infant years.

Lovely in paint, but ſtill in life more fair,
An angel dreſs'd, but more an angel bare;
No more of Elöiſa's moſſy cell,
Where Youth and Abelard were known to dwell:
Where that was dark, and awfull, this is gay,
This is the Cell of Nuns where Prieſts ſhou'd pray;
Here heavenly, penſive meditation reigns,
Here Love beats time to tumults in the veins:
Here roves a heart which never will retreat,
Here flows a blood, which ne'er will loſe its heat:
Yes, yes I love, and will with equal flame,
And rapt'rous kiſs the Cell, and that ſweet name.
Dear name, dear part, dear Creature hear that knell!
'Tis for the grave where I ſhall ever dwell.
This let the gen'rous and the lovely ſay;
His exit, and his entrance were one way.

When

Chudleigh

When at the maſquerade gay C*-- roſe
An Iphigenia, and her veſtment gauze;
When all to ſtimulate was quite reveal'd,
E'en that which even Indians keep conceal'd,
Peep'd lovely thro' its little gauzy ſtate,
Like ſome ſweet Nun thro' ſome monaſtic grate:
Rais'd mighty paſſions never known before,
Becauſe forbid to paſs the little door:
But Iphiginia's are quite common grown,
Women go now half naked thro' the town;
I find no fault---they ſhow the whole they have,
I wiſh they'd ſhow no more than nature gave;
But ſuch japaning, ſuch coſmetic arts
Make Women's faces falſe, as Women's hearts:
Obſerve how pretty Richards is at night,
The eye-brow arch'd---the ſweeteſt red and white:
Her dreſs as looſe as Iphigenia wore,
Tho' little leſs than angel muſt be more:
Now view her ſnoring on her greaſy pillow,
For ſuch a Witch who'd dangle on a willow!
The black arch'd eye-brows now alas! are fled,
And mix promiſcuous with the white and red;
Bevil who hung upon her charms at night,
Fled the next morning naked in a fright:
Swore ſome ſtrange metamorphoſis had been,
To make a thing ſo black, before ſo clean;
She ſtamp'd, ſhe ſtar'd, abus'd her Maid and wept,
O! Molly, Molly how theſe paints have crept;

Here

Here have I loſt five guineas and my ſwain,
Curſe on all paints, I'll never paint again:
Some hours before her glaſs ſhe ſat, and cry'd,
Made ſome attempts, which dropt, as ſoon as tried;
Till want of money conquers all diſgrace,
And Miſs collects the ruins of her face:
Begins again, with every touch revives,
Blooms in an hour---and thus for ever thrives:
Her culls forget her, and each night embrace,
The moving picture, for ſome fine new face:
For here ſhe's happy, and ſupports her fame
By ſkill, in never painting twice the ſame.

If jumping life, if jumping manners pleaſe,
Eternal talking, with uncommon eaſe,
An oath well turn'd, a well tun'd bawdy catch,
An eye that ſwims in love, ſweet Smith I'll match
With all the pretty bunters on my roll,
Or even thoſe who ride, or thoſe who ſtrole:
Below the blanket ſhe is quite the ſame,
As ſhe's above---I do not mean in flame,
Venus forbid inflammatory fun!
Nothing ſo hot attend your darling ſon!
If ſhe is hot---O! Venus hear my ſtrain,
And make thy graceleſs Daughter cool again?

One little caution Girls, and then I've done:
Long bills with Milliners beware, and ſhun!

This is the gen'ral maxim of that Race,
To give ye credit as they like your face:
Yours like ſome other trades may not ſucceed;
Perhaps, you find no eaſy youth to bleed:
No rich old doating Man, that can beſtow
With much quick feeling, all thoſe ſums you owe:
If ſo, the mere dull, guinea, Bagnio trade,
Will barely fill an Iriſh hungry Maid:
Out of this guinea, Jervis, don't forget
That poundage muſt be paid, *a decent* debt
To ev'ry raſcal of a waiter due,
For giving Miſs the preference to you.
Theſe things conſider'd, you will find a want
Of Caſh, to ſtop each greedy Cormorant:
The Milliner arreſts--alas poor wench!
The Bailiff has you--and anon King's Bench.
To keep yourſelves in vogue, and from the Fleet,
Buy not a rag, in high St. James's-ſtreet:
O! ſhe's a bitter one--and will confine!
You know the houſe, altho' ſhe chang'd the ſign!

When vicious Julia gloried in the ſhame
Of public luſt, and whoredom blew the trump of Fame:
When each new mode of venery was held
In high eſteem, and he who moſt excell'd
Had royal thanks, yet in that vicious time
Poor Ovid fell,--as I may fall--for rime.

But

But if I fall, I'll not be doubly curſt,
By Heav'ns I'll lie with ſome high beauty firſt:
Something obſerve that is not common meat,
Something that never deign'd to tread a ſtreet;
Something that's higher born, and higher bred,
Something that's fitted for a Monarch's bed;
Something that's luſcious, and that's virgin fair,
Something divine when dreſs'd, diviner bare;
Nothing ſuſpicious ſhall diſplume my wing,
No filthy daughter, nor no filthier King;
No vicious Julia ſhall deſtroy my fame,
No Cæſar baniſh me to hide his ſhame:
No,---what I do ſhall gaze the noon day Sun,
And when I do't---it ſhall be nobly done:
I do not boaſt of elegance of ſtile,
But where I fail to charm,---I'll make ye ſmile;
And tho' my language is not quite ſo rich
As Rocheſter's,---yet I will give an itch,
An itch to read theſe lines, when I am gone;
Lines beyond braſs, or monuments of ſtone;
Lines which ſhall laſt, while Hampſtead Hill remains,
Or Highgate's level with the nether plains,
Laſt! they ſhall never die while Woman's fair,
Or be unprais'd, while Woman prov'd my care:
But what gives ſtill more immortality,
I liv'd when CHURCHILL ſung,---tho' not of ME:
I liv'd with him in friendſhip, and eſteem,
Churchill, the nobleſt jewel of my theme!

The

The faireſt not---POLLY let that be yours,
Which ſhall be read with mine, while verſe endures.
Drive me to TOMOS* now imperious ſlave:
E'en there the ſeat of Love ſhall be my grave:
E'en there ſome Fair one o'er my tomb ſhall cry,
And pitying read,---"Thus did he live and die."

*Conveniens vitæ mors fuit iſta ſuæ.*

---

* A city on the *Euxine* ſea, and was the metropolis of *Lower Meſia*—where OVID was drove by *Auguſtus*, for ſeeing ſome lewd, ſcandalous actions of that prince.

He was baniſhed to this inhoſpitable climate in his fiftieth year, and died of a broken heart, in the eighth year of his exile—and buried near that city which is now call'd *Kiow*.

*Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.*
*Peligna dicar gloria gentis* EGO. BAYLE.

THE END.

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*In the Preſs,*

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